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THE WORLD IN AN OMNIBUS.

By JOHN ACKERLOS.

SOME philosopher (we forget who) has divided the human race into two great parts; those whose bias leads them to a settled, and those whose bias leads them to a nomadic life. Under the first head he would place all those who possess, what are termed, fixed principles, and who set themselves to raise up wealth, or otherwise achieve their destiny, in whatever locality fortune first places them. To the other class belong those who follow the *ignes fatui* of fame or fortune, wherever those volatile ladies may choose to lead them. Men whose lowest development is found in tribes of vagrants and gypsies, and whose highest we discover in those lofty transcendentalists who are so much occupied with all manner of mysterious speculations, that they overlook the duty that lies next to them, and not unfrequently tumble in the gutter, when their upturned eyes are ravished with imaginary constellations in invisible heavens. In such a manner would the said philosopher divide our species; but we should like to know under which of these two heads he would place omnibus-drivers! They cannot be said to lead a fixed life, for every day in the week, Sundays not excepted, are they not perpetually wandering throughout all quarters of this great metropolis? But, on the other hand, how can we call them nomadic? The snail is not more firmly fastened to its shell, nor the limpet to its rock, than is the omnibus-driver to his seat. His life is perpetual rest, and, at the same time, perpetual motion. We think we have here our philosopher at fault, and we call upon him (if alive) to consider the classification of omnibus-drivers; and, if he be dead, no doubt some ingenious disciple will consider it for him.

An omnibus is a little world, wherein a knowledge of life may be more easily and as correctly obtained, as in the great world of which it forms so small a fragment. Its presiding genius, the driver, is one of its most interesting studies. These drivers are an ill-used, hard-worked, and entertaining race. Condemned to an eternal "gee-up," or "gee-wo"; they only see their children when asleep, and are better acquainted with their wives in the dark, and through the medium of snores, than in daylight and through speech. They are subjected to the petty insolence of every vulgar traveller who feels himself entitled to take out his threepence or sixpence in tyranny and abuse. And yet they are as sociable and hearty a set as one could desire. We always feel that the omnibus-driver is "a man and a brother."

It is amusing to see how their minds are confined to the little world they guide and govern. They are more interested in taking up a passenger, or jockeying a rival bus, than in the death of Sir Robert Peel, or the siege of Rome. A driver asked us lately whether

the Queen were married, and another whether Cardinal Wiseman were a Turk. According to their several natures, they are totally engrossed in their business. One man carries the spirit of opposition to a fierce extreme, hates a rival company, and particularly hates all rival drivers. He scowls when he sees them, chuckles when he passes them, and thinks the end of his existence accomplished if he can only rob them of a few passengers and get first to town. Another's pride is in his horses; he knows the history of every animal he ever drove, dispatiates vehemently on their good or bad qualities, and conceives a profound disgust for you if you are not as much taken up with them as he is. "What! not remember Bob, sir," said one of these the other day—"he were the chestnut, as was blind of his left eye, but sich a spirit. Lor, sir, he were bred a hunter, he were, and he never see a shadder or a crossing, but he would try to leap it. Ockerl, sir, that, but still it's a honor to drive osses as has mettle. Look at that ere tit, she's just up from grass, and haven't a thimbleful of corn in her. Now, what's the good, sir, I ax you, as a reasonable man, attempting to drive a oss as aint got no stammerer in him? They can't go; 't aint likely, sir." Another will chiefly interest himself in speculations on his probable customers. "There's the old giniral; ay, I thought so. Ve always take him up at that place. Now, I'll bet any gent a sixpence as we takes up two vimmen at 'Toria Road." And so on. Once, and once only, did we encounter a driver who interested himself in views of abstract life. He had one view of life, and that was the importance of money. A kind of confidant sat by his side.

"Ever at Brighton?" asked the confidant.

"Yes," said the driver.

"Fine place that."

"Yes; it is fine to a man who has *chips*. A man without *chips* is nowhere at Brighton."

We wondered what mysterious article "*chips*" were; when passing Hyde-Park-Corner, we saw a nobleman's carriage drive down Constitution Hill.

"Jolly life them has," said the confidant.

"Yes," said the driver, "any man can have a jolly life—if he has *chips*."

We began to perceive that "*chips*" meant cash, when on passing the Marquis of Hertford's new house in Piccadilly, our perception was confirmed.

"Fine house that the Markis is a building," said the confidant.

"Umph! Cost him some chips—but what is it to a man who has chips?"

However, as we intend to write a work in three volumes post octavo, price one pound eleven and sixpence, on the habits and experience of Omnibus-Drivers, we will not now anticipate that important addition to our national literature.

Of course, the passengers are *the* study. You there

see all the foibles and virtues of humanity in a concrete form. You see the London politeness manifested in a 'bus full of top-coated gentlemen positively refusing to oblige a lady by going outside. You see the miserly man hail the 'bus and ask at Kew, if they will take him to the Bank for threepence, and indignantly refuse a ride when his liberal offer is declined. You behold the exact man of business, who always goes to town and returns at a settled hour, and never varies, and times the omnibus at every public clock. You have your admiration of the fair sex heightened by seeing how pleasantly they forget the street they want to be set down at, how they rate the conductor for their own mistake, and keep the omnibus waiting five minutes while they find their money. Really separate 'buses should be established for females. Then you have the proud man who has paid his money and will have his ride, and though the 'bus stops next door but one, will be driven to his own door, neither more nor less. The taciturn man who grunts you into silence, and the communicative person who gives all the gossip of the town, and tells you all about himself and all the world, come in to complete this world *in petto*.

One word, in closing, of advice to her Majesty's Ministers (when there are any). They should always ride in omnibuses, and never in carriages. Sixpence per diem, expended in omnibus rides would give them a better insight into the wants, wishes, and feelings of her Majesty's subjects than a hundred petitions, and ten thousand deputations from anybody, nobody, and everybody. If the future Chancellor had only been in the omnibus we rode home in last night, what a Budget we should have!

The Weekly Nobelist.

No. XIV.

NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED.

By PYNGLE LAYNE.

THERE are few men who on public occasions join so fervently in the inspiring sentiment "Britons never shall be slaves," as I do, but I am free to confess that I think the doctrine of my text is somewhat opposed to that sentiment, nay, I go farther, and I say that whilst that doctrine has a place in the minds of the housewives of England, liberty and fraternity cannot be maintained. I suppose women are Britons,—quite as much so now as they were during the time of Boadicea, queen of the Iceni; and where, I should like to know, would that lady have been, historically, if in her career no followers had been allowed. I appeal to an enlightened public of both sexes—hard and soft alike—and after hearing my case of real distress, I ask them to decide upon its merits.

Why I fell in love with Polly Thompson, it boots not to inquire. I don't know myself, and I question if even a committee of the whole house could discover. I am of opinion that these matters are not based upon nice calculation, and that statistics as a science have little to do with them. I first caught sight of Polly at what is called in the midland counties "*gawby market*," a sort of gathering of servants at Christmas time for social and commercial purposes, where you may see stout active young men in their holiday smocks, and rosy-cheeked girls by the score, as plentiful as cowslips in the bright spring. Polly, who had not yet been out at service, was accompanied by her mother, and the two were leisurely surveying the wonders of the shops of —, in which so many luring baits were displayed, when they stopped opposite to the one in which I was apprenticed, and over the door of which you might see written in large characters,

RIBBINS,

LINEN AND WOOLLEN DRAPER.

I was on the point of observing to a lady, upon whom I had been waiting, that we had some sweet things in *de laines*, when suddenly my eyes rested upon those of Polly Thompson, and I felt that I was a doomed draper.

Let us change the scene. It was a beautiful night in early summer, when I found myself threading some sinuous lanes, o'erarched with stately trees, which led to the residence of Farmer Pikestaff. No, gentle reader, Farmer P. was not my uncle, nor was I going to see Miss Arabella, his daughter, but rather to have an interview with sweet Polly Thompson, who was lovely and divine, and maid-servant to Mrs. Pikestaff, all of the Holly Farm.

Oh, such a summer evening was that—a slight thunder-shower had cleared the air and christened the herbage and flowers; the earth, refreshed, sent up incense from her bosom, from roses and woodbines and acres of bean blossoms, the blackbirds rejoiced in their own rapid melodies, and from branches and dense thickets the cool rain-drops fell lulling in that sweet day's decline.

With such an object on such an evening, who would not have been happy? It was therefore in a very jubilant frame of mind that I neared the outposts of the Holly Farm, and at last stood within a small paddock close to the house—a paddock which was reserved almost exclusively for the use of Mr. Pikestaff's cob, Peter—an elderly horse, of uncertain temper, jealous of vested interests and landed property, and averse to children of tender years. A high hawthorn hedge and an inner array of spreading nut bushes divided the paddock from the ample garden, and it was at one corner of this covert that I was to meet Polly Thompson. How I had made her acquaintance, how told her my love, how met with love in return, are matters too solemn for this narrative. It is enough for the reader to know that I expected to meet Polly amongst the filbert trees—but she was not there, so I resigned myself to a short delay, I knew it would not be a long one, and sat down under the stout hawthorns to bide my time. It was evident from the conduct of Peter, that that eccentric cob was aware of an aggression upon his diocese, for though he was too wise to encounter my thick vine stick by any overt act, yet he manifested his consciousness of my presence by a depression of his ears which boded no good, and by retiring to a secluded corner of the paddock, and kicking up his heels violently, as much as to say "our defences are sufficient for the exigencies of the public service."

At last I heard a light footstep on the gravel walk, and my dear little Thisbe rushed violently through the laurels, and stood all breathless with haste on the other side of the green wall which severed her from Pyramus. The hedge was so dense that I was compelled to shut one eye before I could catch a glimpse of Polly; so that, instead of looking at her face to face, I was obliged to take what the Astronomer Royal would call an observation of that dear little planet, than which no brighter was ever watched from Greenwich. When first her face came within range of my telescope, I was so enraptured with the sight, that I started forward with eagerness, scratching my nose violently amongst the briars. Polly bade me come round to the back of the dairy, and to be careful of Trimmer—a pleasant combination of the bull and mastiff, who regarded Christians and cats with equal abhorrence. Polly further begged me to lose no time, for that Missis was at supper (cold lamb and salad), and that as soon as that ceremony was over, she would begin to reconnoitre the premises, previously to succumbing for the night. For that energetic woman always acted as if she were in an enemy's country, and, though in her own house, appeared as wary and cautious as if Holly Farm were a besieged citadel. She would have been invaluable at Ciudad Rodrigo. I don't like to say

that Mrs. Pikestaff was a scraggy woman, because that is a harsh epithet, nor yet that she was bony, because that is more or less the characteristic of most of us, but she was decidedly angular, with square shoulders, that made you think of epaulets, and an eye which was the terror of the waggoner's lads. Without being actually ill-looking in the face, it could not be said that the lines of beauty were there, but rather, from the extreme caution displayed, that they were the lines of Torres Vedras. It was this lady who had expressed herself decidedly upon the subject of *followers*, and it was with a full consciousness of the force of that opinion, that Polly now bid me make great haste to the dairy, before Missis had done supper. Prompt to do the bidding of the girl I loved best in the world, no stag in Blair Athol, or Capel Court, could possibly have overcome the engineering difficulties between Peter's Paddock and the dairy, so easily as I. I had my reward; for, ere many seconds had elapsed, Polly was in my arms. Do you want to know what we talked about? What does wayward youth ever talk of on such occasions? Married—and happy! Poor little throbbing maiden! who would spoil that artless dream of mine? Our courtship that evening was like that of many others, an April one—showers and sunshine—showers for very joy, wherein loves ripen fast.

Polly had been saying "I really must go" some half score of times, without ever attempting to do so; and I think we had been saying "good-bye," for at least twenty minutes, when the lattice window of the cheese-room, immediately over the dairy, was suddenly thrown open, and Field-Marshal Mrs. Pikestaff thrust out her Roman features, taking in the position of affairs at a glance, and optically skewering us both. I fancy I see her now, regarding us through the branches of that fatal walnut-tree. Any other woman under similar circumstances (for Mrs. Pikestaff had not expected such a vision) would have exclaimed either Gracious goodness or Goodness gracious, or adopted any other form of speech appointed to be said on such occasions; but Mrs. P. was too experienced an officer for that; she could not be surprised; ambush was unknown to her.

"Go round to the kitchen" was the command she gave, and I felt instantly that obedience was inevitable. Had Polly been connected with the upper classes of society, she would have fainted; as it was, she turned pale, and fluttered, and I, equally pale and sick at heart, crept slowly by her side to the unrelenting presence. I cannot detail the sequel, or account for the strange feeling of guilt which, in spite of my perfect innocence of all wrong-doing, came over me during the address of that awful woman. She went through the case for the prosecution from first to last; attributed motives to me which I shuddered to contemplate; expressed openly her belief that I had come to rob the premises; and that the little trembling creature beside me was, henceforth, utterly lost to all sense of shame, all love for her hard-working, industrious parents, and would be nothing else but a blot and a slur upon her family, both now and evermore. She wound up, finally, by stamping me out of the court-yard, and expressing her intention of packing off "that hussy" the next morning.

Fortunately for both of us, the inconsiderate conduct of Mrs. Pikestaff impaired but slightly our future happiness. Mr. Ribbins lectured me on the impropriety of falling in love with a servant girl, and Mrs. Thompson looked very serious when Polly came home half dead with fright; but I served my good master faithfully during my term, and little he recked for Mrs. Pikestaff; and Polly won golden opinions from a new mistress, not savage against followers. Beneath other walnut trees we still exchanged our vows, and other summer evenings bore witness to our bliss.

And they two are now one; and a retrospect on the melodrama of Holly Farm, showing the folly of the

Sisyphus attempt to roll back the impulses of nature, brings us once more to our opening sentiment, that "no followers allowed" is an un-English doctrine, to be advocated only by squaws like Mrs. Pikestaff, and to be trodden under foot by the reasonable and well-disposed of all nations.

I am particularly requested by Polly to point the moral of this instructive story with the following crusher, "Young people will be young people."

Original Poetry.

EXPECTATION.

From Schiller.

Is it the gate I hear going?
Was it the latch-click that stirred?
No, 'twas only the wind blowing
That among the poplars whirled.

O deck thyself, thou leafy arbour green,
For thou shalt the all-beauty-beaming cover;
You branches, weave an overshadowing screen,
And with sweet night the maiden mantle over.
And waken, all you flattering airs serene,
And round her rosy cheeks in dalliance hover,
When, airy-light, its graceful burden fair
Her gentle foot unto Love's seat shall bear.

Soft! what glides through the bushes?
Rustling in eager haste?
No, 'tis but the bird that flushes
Startled from its leafy nest.

Put out, O day, thy glowing torch; appear,
Æthereal Night, with Silence sweet attended!
Around us spread thy purple atmosphere,
Envelope us in boughs with darkness blended;
Love's rapture flies the busy listener's ear,
Hies the rude gaze of tell-tale day offended;
The undivulging Hesperus alone
May, with still glance, be its companion.

Heard I not something call faintly,
As if in whispers it spake?
No, it is the swan, that gently
Breaks in rings the silver lake.

My ear is filled with streaming harmonies,
The fountain falls in dulcet murmurs breaking,
The flower bends before the west wind's kiss;
All things to interchange of joy awaken,
The peach, the grape, in swelling lusciousness,
'Mid foliage lurking to enjoyment beckon.
The air, steeped in a flood of odorous sweets,
Drinks from my glowing cheek the subtle heats.

Heard I not hitherward stealing
Steps in the alley resound?
No, with its own fulness reeling
Dropped the fruit there on the ground.

The flaming eye of day begins to swoon
In enfeebled death, and his paled hues are going;
The chalice that hate the burning sun
Are boldly in the gentle twilight blowing;
Her beaming face uplifts the silent moon,
The world is into broad calm masses flowing,
The girdle is unloosed from every charm,
And Beauty shows me all-unveiled her form.

See I not something white streaming,
Like the silk robe of a maid?
No, it is the column gleaming
'Thwart the dusky yew-tree shade.

O longing heart, no longer idly wrest
 Sweet lifeless forms of beauty to thy pleasure;
 This arm, that longs to clasp her, is unblest;
 No phantom-joy can fill my love's large measure.
 Bring her in living loveliness confessed,
 Oh! let me feel her gentle hand's soft pressure,
 Nay, but the shadow of her mantle's hem,
 And into life will pass the hollow dream.
 And soft as from heav'n above are
 The angel-visits of bliss,
 So came she unseen to her lover,
 And waked him to joy with a kiss. G. B.

New Books.

DAHOMEY AND THE DAHOMANS. By FREDERICK C. FORBES, Commander, R. N. 2 Vols. Longmans.

WHERE are English enterprise and courage to stop? Here is a naval officer, who, not content with the hardships and perils of being actively engaged in the African blockade, volunteers to undertake a mission to the King of Dahomey, with the view of persuading that potentate into a surrender of the traffic in slaves! It is much as if one were to journey to St. Petersburg to advise the Czar to establish a Russian republic, one and indivisible. The more obvious comparison—that it resembles an abolitionist preaching negro-emancipation in the slave-holding states of America—would be less accurate; for an individual so employed, far from living to write an account of his experiences, would scarcely be allowed to survive his first lecture; whereas, Captain Forbes not only talked the object of his visit freely over with the man-slaying and man-stealing ruler of Dahomey, but had exemption from care enough to keep a full and lively journal of what he saw and heard, which forms the first complete account, by an eye-witness, of one of the most singular societies on the face of the globe. His work will be perused with eagerness by the philanthropist, the philosopher, and that seemingly omnivorous, but really fastidious person, the “general reader.” The philanthropist will be instructed by the Captain's practical suggestions for the destruction of the slave-trade at its head-quarters. The philosopher will pause in wonder to find some of the results of the most complicated civilization, blossoming in the savage gloom of African barbarism. As to the general reader, when he comes to the description of the “Amazons of Dahomey,” he will be tempted to think that Marco Polo, or Sir John Mandeville, is resuscitated in the British officer of 1849. Such a suspicion would be unjust to Captain Forbes, however, marvelous as are the scenes that he sometimes describes. Indeed, the Captain evidently has weighed the reports and narratives of the natives with scrupulous care; a circumstance which, we fear, gives him a superiority over some even of the very best of our African travellers.

Slave-flesh, living or dead, is the staple of Dahomey. Once a year, the king is forced, by public opinion, to send his large standing army (which, in that region, cannot be called unproductive) against some unoffending tribe or nation, far or near, the object being to take prisoners to supply the slave-markets of Brazil. The soldiery are chiefly paid by private individuals, to whom the captives taken belong; and formed, as they are, of both sexes, in nearly equal proportions, they are as strange a set of “industrial regiments” as ever figured in history or fiction. The curiosity of our lady readers will be already astir, and, as they deserve precedence in all things, our first extract shall be about

THE AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

“The Amazons are not supposed to marry, and, by their own statement, they have changed their sex. ‘We are men,’ say they, ‘not women.’ All dress alike, diet alike, and male and female emulate each other: what the males

do the Amazons will endeavour to surpass. They all take great care of their arms, polish the barrels, and, except when on duty, keep them in covers. There is no duty at the palace, except when the king is in public, and then a guard of Amazons protect the royal person; and, on review, he is guarded by the males; but outside the palace there is always a strong detachment of males ready for service. In every action there is some reference to cutting off heads. In their dances—and it is the duty of the soldier and the Amazon to be a proficient dancer—with eyes dilated, the right hand is working in a saw-like manner for some time, as if in the act of cutting round the neck, when both hands are used, and a twist is supposed to finish the bloody deed.”

A very pretty piece of symbolism! The ladies of Dahomey have, however, rights, as well as these terrible duties. For every male minister in the king's cabinet, there is a corresponding female one. But more of the Amazons anon.

Landing at Whydah, the chief sea-port of Dahomey, Captain Forbes proceeded through the interior to the capital Abomey. The country he found generally fertile, but little cultivated, though where cultivated, it was so with Chinese diligence. Often it was undulating, and beautifully park-like, studded with huge sycamores and giant cotton trees; the ground covered with vegetation, and the air peopled by butterflies of the most brilliant hues. Disgust was his first feeling on entering Abomey, its gateway being ornamented with human skulls, piles of which are everywhere a favourite decoration.

There are no regular streets, and it is difficult for a European to imagine himself in the capital of a large country, as all the houses are surrounded by high red clay walls, which enclose large forest trees, besides orange, banana, and other fruit-trees. All the houses are low and thatched.

Almost immediately on his arrival Captain Forbes was

PRESENTED AT COURT.

“The square of the palace was filled with armed people seated on their hams, the polished barrels of their Danish muskets standing up like a forest. Under a thatched gateway was the king, surrounded by his immediate wives; while on each side sat the Amazons, all in uniform, armed and accoutred; and in the centre of the square squatted the males. . . . His Dahoman Majesty, King Gezo, is about forty-eight years of age, good looking, with nothing of the negro-feature, his complexion wanting several shades of being black; his appearance commanding, and his countenance intellectual, though stern in the extreme.”

After a little conversation, his Majesty inquired whether the English officer would like to see a review of the Amazons, and it was forthwith ordered.

“One regiment was distinguished by a white cap with two devices (blue alligators), another by a blue cross, while the third had a blue crown. The officers were recognised by their coral necklaces and superior dresses; while each carried a small whip, which they freely plied when required. After being inspected, they commenced an independent firing, whilst at intervals, rushing from their ranks, many of them would advance to the foot of the throne, address the King, hold aloft their muskets, and then return and fire them.”

Captain Forbes being a military man, (taking the word military in a wide sense,) he naturally dwells on descriptions of similar scenes,—some of them of a horrible kind; those for instance where bands of slaves are killed in public as a gift from this gracious monarch to his people. But he does not fail to insist on the agricultural capabilities of Dahomey, and the economical gain which would result if the slaves were set to raise palm-oil instead of being smuggled to Brazil; and as the subject is one of contemporary interest, we shall conclude with a passage from the final interview of Captain Forbes with the King, in which the whole case of slave-labour *versus* slave-trade is set forth; although it will form an extract rather longer than we are in the habit of giving:—

THE PROS AND CONS OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

"As usual, compliments passed between us, and, after an immaterial conversation, his Majesty stated that he now wished to know the ulterior object of the embassy.

"In the first place, we answered, we hoped he would put a stop to the slave-trade in his vast dominions; and in order to do that, we impressed upon him the methods pursued by neighbouring nations, who by encouraging the growth of the palm-tree, had so well met the market, as now to have a far more advanced and lucrative trade than the Portuguese and Brazilians offered to Dahomey. That the first step to the establishment of the palm-oil trade must be the encouragement of labour within his dominions; and, instead of devastating his neighbours' territories, he should, if war were unavoidable, reduce them, binding them by treaties to join in the pursuit of agriculture and trade, and then, by levying transit duties on their goods, cause them to enrich him far more than the mere sale of the slaves of the exterminating hunt. Thus, by making Dahomey the centre of a vast trading country, all kinds of goods would soon find their way into his kingdom, and instead of being dependant on a few merchants for the paltry articles with which they chose to supply him, he might demand the choicest merchandise of the world—a boon already obtained by many neighbours. By thus turning a military into an agricultural people, and raising himself into the envious position of a reformer of the iniquitous and fearful habits of his people, in the course of time, he could abolish these fearful sacrifices he had already reduced in numbers, and then his memory would be revered by all nations, and be handed down in love and peace instead of slaughter."

Let the reader mark the cunning of the barbarian potentate's reply.

"The king gave a history of trade, from its earliest commencement in Whydah and Dahomey down to the present date. First, he said, the French came to Whydah before Dahomey conquered it. War put a stop to trade for many years. The English traders were the first who landed there and bought slaves. His father had impressed him with the belief that the English were the first of white men; he thought so, and desired much to be at peace with them. 'Time had passed,' he continued, 'but the Dahomans had never given up slave-dealing. His people were soldiers, his revenue the proceeds of the slave-trade (or the sale of prisoners of war.) Do we not observe the absence of agriculture? Other nations deal in slaves, but not like me; they keep no customs, make no general disbursement. The slave-trade of these states must be stopped before I can treat.'"

Further than this, Captain Forbes could not get. *

A POPULAR NARRATIVE OF THE ORIGIN, HISTORY, PROGRESS, AND PROSPECTS OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1851. By PETER BERLYN. London: James Gilbert.

We can hardly speak too highly of this elegant and useful little volume. Mr. Berlyn has done his part admirably, and the publisher has seconded him, in the business department no less satisfactorily. All the floating and disconnected accounts that have hitherto been brought before the public from time to time, are here collected and arranged in a very popular and lucid manner; while a mass of fresh information, entirely new and authentic, renders this book the only complete compendium of the Exhibition in all its bearings. The history of its origin is written with a graphic power and a narrative vigour very surprising on such a subject. You are carried along with as much interest as if reading a work of fiction. The contents fully justify the ample title, and in that fact lies more of eulogy than columns of praise could say.

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS. A New Edition, by WILLIAM HAZLITT. Four volumes. Vol. I. London: G. Routledge & Co.

Decidedly the cheapest Shakespeare ever put before the public, there are still no imperfections of text or of typography to render it unworthy a place by the side of the

most costly editions of our great poet. We recommend all our readers who have not the works of this our highest English speaker, or who want them in a more useful form for railways or rural wanderings to obtain a sight of this edition. We think a sight will end in a purchase.

WEST-RIDING SKETCHES.

No. II.

THE LOW MOOR IRON-WORKS.

By JANUARY SEARLE.

THE reader of this JOURNAL will remember how, a few weeks since, I described the beautiful domain of Kirklees—its fine park, and sylvan scenery; its magnificent terrace looking down upon all the vale of Calder, and commanding the Backbone mountains of England, with the wild moorlands upon their summits. Nor will he, I think, forget the grave of Robin Hood, the Kirklees Nunnery, and its old forsaken garden and forgotten graves. I design now to present him with another picture, according to promise; a picture by no means sylvan, however, but Volcanic, and connected only with that of Kirklees because it is partly owned by the same proprietor. I allude to the Low Moor Iron-works.

This great establishment is situated upon the Huddersfield and Bradford road, about four miles from the latter place, and on the left-hand side as you journey thither from Huddersfield. Long before you reach it, you are made sensible of its existence, by the dark clouds of smoke which ascend for ever and ever upwards towards heaven, although I have never heard that it reached heaven, or that good St. Peter has ever complained of it as a nuisance, whilst sitting at the celestial gates. Night, however—black, starless night—is the time to see these works, for they are then visible for many miles round, and look as if they were the workshop of demons, or the mouth of the dread abode itself. Dense masses of smoke hang over them like thunder-clouds marshalled for battle, and up the tops of the tall chimneys and roaring blast-furnaces, issue fierce flames of fire and sulphur, which light up the gloom with a red and lurid glare, revealing in dim outline all the surrounding country. It is a very poetic sight, according to my thinking, and would have made an admirable study for poor Dante whilst writing his *Inferno*. I think an epic could be made out of it, if one could only find the epic poet to take the work in hand. For it is a kind of an epitome of the life of the age we live in, which, as some of our prophets say, is an iron and mechanical life. I quarrel with no age however, and care not what life it lives, provided only that it is not immoral and offensive to good consciences. I believe in the Unseen Hand that turns the wheels of the world and the universe—the wise Providence, as my Egyptian friends, call it, which, in displaying the faculties and resources of a people, uses many means and appliances, and loves the iron as well as the gold. For our mechanical life is but temporary and phasal, and will pass into new forms by-and-by, and realize, perhaps, all that the saints have prophesied about millenniums, and the sinners about communities. In the mean while, our life to-day is as good as it can be under the circumstances, and if any man thinks he can make it better, let him try; only, first of all, let him be better himself. Certainly, iron and steel, locomotives and railroads, land and submarine telegraphs, and all the other wonderful things which our "mechanical" life has created and animated to such noble practical purposes, are as worthy to be sung as mountains, meadows, woodlands, waters, birds, and milk-girls; so we will say no more upon this subject.

Through the kindness of H. W. Wickham, Esq., I visited the Low Moor Iron-works a few days ago, and,

attended by the acting director saw all the strange and mythic revelations which are hidden within its walls. I took the rails to the Low Moor Station, and, after walking about half a mile, turned off up the main road towards the establishment, along a black and narrow path between mountains of cinder-ashes, and the fiery scum of ironstone exhausted of its metal. Pools of stagnant water reflected these mountainous bulks of scoria, and the black shadows which swept over the angry heavens, forming little lakelets in the valleys, and presenting gloomy pictures as of a dead and forsaken world. I soon emerged, however, up this dark region, and entered the noisy precincts of the works. Before me was a long range of cottages, occupied by some of the workmen, with rude gardens in front of them; and I beheld the housewives busy in washing their husbands' clothes, through several open doors. I inquired of two men habited like colliers, whom I met in the highway, for the office, and was directed to a large square building not far off, whither I went and presented my letter of introduction. It was a busy day at the works, and I found the managing director at his books, preparing the wage roll for the week. He received me, however, with courtesy and politeness, and immediately set out to shew me through the establishment. I had no previous idea of the extent and magnitude of the place. It covers several acres of ground, with an available working population of three thousand souls. It is a town in itself, and the workshops are like streets, extending three or four hundred feet from one end of the building to the other. I was anxious to see the entire process of the iron manufacture, and went, first of all, for this purpose to the kilns, where the ironstone is calcined. These kilns are deep pits, cemented with brick and mortar, having large fires constantly burning beneath them. The ironstone is calcined by mixing it with lime, after which it is taken out and is ready for the blast-furnaces. A little beyond the kilns are a number of oblong "ground coke burners," where fuel is prepared for the fiery maws of the furnaces. Having made these preliminary examinations, we descended a long flight of stone steps to witness the manner in which the furnaces are supplied with the calcined ironstone; and a very strange sight it was, and it filled me with as strange reflections. But before I make a transcript of these reflections let me describe the scene itself. Imagine then, a huge cone-like pyramid, with a rotundity of belly equal to that of some fifty thousand city aldermen, rising before you to a height of 70 or 80 feet, with a wide and terrible mouth at the summit, from which the fiercest and fieriest blasts of flame are issuing; not yellow flame, but blue, sulphurous, and pitchy; accompanied by volumes of smoke, which are partially consumed when they come in contact with the air, and hover in tremulous waves over the hot and merciless throat of the monstrous cone, and you then have the portrait of the blast-furnace before you, which I beheld on this occasion. A little to the right lies a large wheel, set in motion by means of an artificial supply of water which empties itself from a cistern above, and is pumped up by steam power from below. The work which this wheel performed was singular enough; especially to a poor bookman like me, who had never seen the like before. I will try and explain it, and must make another demand, therefore, upon the imagination of the reader. Picture, then, to yourself an iron railway, running from the bottom to the top of the blast-furnace, upon an inclined plane, with an iron carriage full of calcined stone at the foot of it. And now, behold! the wheel is set in motion, and the carriage gradually ascends to the top of the furnace, drawn up thither by means of strong chains, which are attached to the water-wheel. Now, look you, it has reached the mouth of the furnace, and see how it topples over, discharging

its eleven hundredweight of material far down into the burning flames below. Now it returns by the impetus of its own weight, and is ready to ascend again as often as necessary. I was much struck with this Cyclopean picture, and could not help thinking of the Greek hell, and the thunderbolts that were forged for Jupiter. It is a very old employment this metal melting, and carries one's thoughts back a long way into the primeval history of man. Tubal Cain, they say, was the first worker in metals; and I honour the old aboriginal blacksmith so much, that I would cut an effigy of him in stone or iron, and set the same upon a pedestal in every establishment where the forge is used. If we had the power to call his ghost from the shades, and animate him once more in a living body, he would stare, I fancy, at the modern improvements which have been made in his art. I should like nothing better than to walk by his side, and hear his exclamations of astonishment over the wonders of this Low Moor Iron Foundry. He, I suppose, was content in his time, with a pair of primitive bellows to make his fire burn; but what would he say to the bellows used at Low Moor? or what will *you* say to them, good reader,—that is, if you have never witnessed a similar sight,—when I describe them? Certainly a pair of wooden bellows, with its fittings of leather, its air-clapper, and iron blowpipe, is a very ingenious contrivance, and has always seemed to me a mysterious appurtenance of the household; but imagine a steam-engine working as a bellows, absorbing the external air into its huge cylindrical throats, and pumping it through a subterranean reservoir twenty yards long, nine wide, seven feet deep, in one continuous stream into the very heart of the blast furnaces! This is altogether a new invention, and some little improvement, I fancy, upon Tubal Cain's smithy mechanism. So it is, however; and the reason for having such an extensive reservoir of air (which is hermetically sealed on all sides, with the exception of the mouth, which opens into the furnaces) is, that the furnaces may be supplied with regular quantities of air at an even pressure, and not with irregular blasts; which latter would be the case if there were no reservoir to equalize it. I was curious enough to desire to enter this hidden cave—this chamber of Vulcan and Boreas—and my conductor very courteously agreed to satisfy me in this respect. Accordingly a man was despatched for a ladder and a torch; the outer door of the cave was opened, and we descended into a dismal pit, black with smoke, damp, horrible, and infernal to behold. This, however, was but the approach to the reservoir, and I could not help thinking of the Cave of Typhoeus, and several other mythic things, as I stood there. My conductor's face glared with a ghastly expression, as the light of the torch fell upon it; and the torch-bearer himself looked as if he had just come from the bottomless realms to shew us in. At last a strong iron door was unlocked and opened, and I found myself in a narrow space, scarcely large enough for two persons to turn round in. Here I heard the roar of the infuriated air as it rushed through the adjoining reservoir, and before I had time to collect myself, my conductor opened a little circular hole, and, in a moment, I was stunned and deafened with the rush of air that surrounded me. The pressure—which is about sixteen pounds to the square inch—was more than my lungs were able to bear, and I was glad to escape without entering the reservoir, although I was told that I had already suffered all the inconvenience that could accrue from my visit.

We then went to the CASTING-HOUSE, where I had an opportunity of witnessing the second process in the manufacture of iron. I had already seen the calcined stone poured into the furnace, and I now beheld the dross issuing from it in burning streams, and emptying itself into oblong iron vats, where it was suffered to

cool, and then sent off as material to mend the high roads with. In a short time one of the men made an opening at the bottom of the furnace, and, in an instant, the metal itself burst forth in molten and struggling waves, and ran down into the layers of sand which were prepared to receive it.

In this state it is called *Pig iron*, and is ready for the foundry, where it undergoes still further smelting, as you will learn by-and-by. The dross rises to the surface in the fiery cauldron of the furnace, and the iron, which is specifically heavier, sinks to the bottom. Hence the double process which I have described; the dross being always drawn off first; and this process takes place twice a day. We then went to the REFINERY, where the pig-iron was recast, and deprived of its earthy and carbonaceous matter. By this farther smelting it was rendered purer, although it was not yet fit for working up into usable implements. Before this could take place, it was necessary for it to undergo the *puddling process*, that is to say, to be melted afresh, in huge lumps, and rolled about in the furnace by men with long iron spikes, until the lumps amalgamated, when they were drawn out, and wheeled off by half naked men and boys to the anvils, where they were pounded by terrible steam forge-hammers; some of which weighed five tons, and beaten out into thin plates. Fling the weight of that on an alderman's belly, what a "puddling process" it would be! It was a strange sight to witness all the doings in this department. Scores of men and boys were running up and down the vast smithy, engaged in various occupations. Some were wheeling the cold iron to be "puddled"; others were returning from the furnace with piles of metal at a white heat, and carrying it to the forges, leaving a long trail of fire behind them. Others were busily occupied at the anvils, in shifting the great lumps of iron between the strokes of the hammer, and preparing it for the engineers. The hammers descended with a dull and heavy smash upon these great fire boulders, scattering the fragments about in all directions, and literally strewing the floor with this wreck of hell. Whichever way one looked, all was lurid, glaring, and full of demonic life. The roar of the furnaces was only relieved by the thunder of those five-ton hammers, and the scream of the red-hot iron, as it was cut asunder by merciless saws. The whole atmosphere was hot and torrid; the floors burned under foot, and the rafters of the roof grinned in horrid blackness upon the scene below. Now and then, large volumes of steam would rise hissing from the iron upon which it had been poured in order to detect the flaws in it; and an occasional cracking and bellowing was heard, like the roar of a whole park of artillery, when the numerous hammers struck the wetted iron upon the anvils. Here was a large rolling mill, where several smiths were at work, doing what seemed to be impossible things. For instance, a small oblong lump of red-hot iron was placed in a groove of the roller, and was immediately seized by a man with a pair of pincers, and drawn out to a length of several feet; it was then replaced in another groove, and extended to still greater length; after which it was quietly deposited amongst a pile of similar bars, and allowed to cool; which it much needed, I should think. Further on was a circular saw, bristling with teeth like those of the fabled dragon. It was worked with immense straps and cylinders, and its professional business was to cut asunder bars of red-hot iron, which it accomplished in fine style, scattering the sparks about in brilliant showers, and beating Vauxhall hollow; and a little further down the smithy was another machine, groaning under the weight of its labour, as the iron was crushed into boiler plates, beneath its huge revolving cylinders. As we walked along, we came up to several deep pits, where cannon were cast. The mode of doing this is as follows:—First of all, a hollow mould is made

of sand, and whilst it is quite wet, it is placed in a furnace and baked. It comes out hard and impenetrable; and is then let down breech foremost into one of the pits, and the liquid iron is poured into it. When the metal is cold, the mould is broken, and the cannon, which is cast solid, is conveyed to the engineering department, where it undergoes the process of boring and turning. Each of these terrible instruments is cast three feet longer than the intended length of the cannon; for it sometimes happens that there are flaws in the metal, and in that case the part containing the flaw has to be cut away. I found that they could bore twelve guns at a time, and turn two, which is of course done by machinery and steam. In the same foundry, I saw the process of ball, bomb-shell, and hand grenade castings. The two latter especially interested me. They were made by means of moulds, and were cast hollow, with a fusee at the top. The inside, when they are used in war, is filled with all sorts of combustible materials, spikes, &c.; and on the bursting of the shells, they spread around with terrible and deadly effect. Curious enough that the steam-engine and the bomb-shell, the two extremes of modern civilization—should be made here by the same hands, and sent on their several missions of blessing and of blood! No matter: Allah Akbar! Besides which, I am in a hurry, and there is no time for reflections of this sort.

The greatest curiosities, as being real triumphs of art, which the Low Moor Foundry contains, are Nasmyth's steam-hammers, compared with which, the five-ton hammers already alluded to are mere playthings. I stood before one of those monstrous inventions with the gravest feelings, as if I had been in the presence of a terrible and vital iron demon. "You shall see it act, sir," said my conductor; and motioning with his hand, one of the men, who stood by, mounted a ladder and set the machine in motion. At first it groaned heavily and went lazily, as if it were savage at being roused from its lethargy; but in a few moments it seemed to have gathered all its consciousness and strength ready for action. Accordingly a lump of hot iron was placed on the anvil, and I saw it descend with a gentle force, and strike it so lightly that the blow would scarcely have broken an egg-shell. Again it descended with a little heavier weight, and making one think that the grim monster was playing with his victim—like a tiger with a rabbit—before devouring it; and the thought was identical with the fact; for in another instant it fell with such terrific force, that the great mass of iron was literally squelched flat, and the whole ground shook like the first heavings of an earthquake. It was truly a wonderful sight. The vast power of the hammer was completely under the control of the five fingers of the man on the ladder, and could be put into motion and controlled by a child of six years old. What would Tubal Cain have said to that?

We now left the foundry, and proceeded to the BREAKING-HOUSE. I found here more hammers hard at work. They were fixed between perpendicular columns of iron, with grooves for them to run in; and were lifted by steam power half way up the grooves, when the grappling irons of the engine suddenly released them, and let them down with a smash upon the metal below, which they broke into plates of an equal size. The plates were then piled up in a heap, where they were sorted, by men employed for this purpose, into other heaps, according to their commercial value, and made ready for the market. Nineteen-twentieths of the iron made at these works are sold.

From the breaking-house we went to the ENGINEERING-WORKS, where, amongst other things, immense pans for refining sugar were in the process of making; along with steam-engines, and all their manifold and curious fittings. Vast numbers of machines and men were at work in this department, making the fact apparent enough that life is a very busy and serious affair, and

that our modern comforts and conveniences are provided at a prodigious cost. Better rub, however, than rust.

The last scene in this eventful history, of which I have only been able to furnish an outline, was the MODEL-ROOM, where the engineers were at work making models of steam-engines, &c. As we crossed the yard towards the counting-house, I saw a range of sheds, containing four very large boilers, two of which were twenty yards long, and two from forty to fifty yards. These latter were the largest ever made at the Low Moor works.

And thus I completed my survey, which took me upwards of three hours to accomplish. I had nearly forgotten to say, however, that I was introduced to one of the three partners of this immense establishment, who told me the firm were preparing two guns for the Exhibition; one a ten-inch gun, and the other a thirty-pounder; and I mention the fact, in order to show how keenly alive every section of the community appears to be to the importance of that great industrial demonstration. I made many inquiries at the counting-house, respecting the number of men employed at these works, and their social and moral history. As I said, there is an available working population at Low Moor, and belonging to the foundry, of 3,000 souls. But at the time of my visit, in consequence of a lack of work, there were not so many hands employed, and they were only occupied four days out of the six. The amount of wages paid them was 1,800*l.* a week, which gave an average of 12*s.* a week to each person, including a great number of boys. The best workmen earn 3*l.* 10*s.* a week, and forge-men, in full employ, sometimes even as much as 6*l.* Most of these latter persons drink large quantities of gin and beer, although there are many most temperate men amongst them, and some are teetotallers. There are three schools connected with the establishment, and endowed by the proprietors, to which the children of the workmen are sent free, viz., an infant-school, and a boys' and girls' school. There is likewise a flourishing mechanics' institution at Low Moor, which is supported by the men at the works. The proprietors have 400 houses of their own, in which a portion of the men and their families reside, and medical attendance is provided for all the work-people without any charge to them.

Here then, in the rudest and, I am sorry to say, the most imperfect outline, is my contrast to my former picture, and I hope the reader will accept it for what it is, and not abuse me for what it is not. And so I bid him farewell.

THE CHAMPION.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN EARLY SPANISH HISTORY.

The clang of arms and the inspiring sounds of martial music resounded through the court-yard of the palace of Navarre. The chivalry of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre had assembled at the summons of their sovereign, to fight under his banner against the infidels, and now waited impatiently for the moment when the monarch should mount his gallant steed, and lead them to battle and to victory.

Sancho the Fourth was at that moment bidding farewell to his queen, the gentle Dona Nuna, who clung to her lord in an agony of tears.

"Be comforted, my beloved," he said to her; "I shall return to you with added laurels to my kingly wreath. Do not fear for me, nor let your sweet face grow pale by brooding over the dangers and chances of war. For my part, I never felt more exulting anticipations of success, and am persuaded that triumph and victory will crown our undertaking."

"Alas! it is not so with me," said Nuna, sadly. "A

presentiment of approaching evil weighs heavily on my heart."

"You shudder at the thought of our separation, Nuna, more like a timid young bride parting from her newly-wedded lord, than a matron who has shared her husband's joys and sorrows for well nigh twenty years."

"You are now far dearer to me, Sancho, than when I gave you my hand: have I not to thank you for the love and tenderness which has made these long years of wedded life so blissful and happy?"

"In sooth, I believe, Nuna, it is even so; and you love me as warmly as ever. Receive my assurances in return, dear wife, that your face is as fair to me, and the gift of your true heart as fondly prized, as when I first led you to these halls, my youthful and beautiful bride. But suffer me to bid you farewell, or my nobles will wax impatient. I leave you to the society of our son, and the guardianship of my trusty Pedro Sésé, who will attend to your behests. One word more. I entrust to your safe keeping my beautiful steed, Ilderim. You know how I value the noble animal, my first capture from the Moor. See that he is carefully tended in my absence, I shall accept it as a proof of your regard for my wishes. And now, adieu, dearest wife. Think of me, and supplicate Heaven that I may be speedily and safely restored to your arms."

So saying, Sancho the Great, tenderly embraced his wife; and mounting his war charger, placed himself at the head of his gallant army. The clatter of horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance, leaving the court-yard of the castle in silence and gloom.

Three days after the king's departure, the young Don Garcia entered the court-yard of the palace at Navarre.

"Pedro Sésé, Pedro Sésé!" he cried, "my noble Arab El Toro lies dead in a cleft of the rocks: I have returned to seek another steed for the chase: such a boar hunt has not been among the forests of Navarre since the Pyrenees echoed to the horn of Roland: give me forth black Ilderim, Pedro, my friend; saddle me my father's charger, for there is no other steed in the king's stables worthy of the hunt of to-day!"

"Don Garcia," replied the master of the horse, "black Ilderim is only for the king's mounting: I dare not saddle him for any other."

"But the Infante commands it—the king that is to be."

"Chafe not with a faithful servant, Don Garcia: it is but yesterday I refused the same request of the bastard of Arragon."

"What! darest thou compare me with the base-born Ramiro? Insolent! I shall bear my complaint to the queen."

To the queen Don Garcia bore his complaint and his petition: "Oh, my mother, wouldst thou see me dishonoured by a menial? Am I not thine only son, the rightful heir of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre? who may command here, if I may not? Assert my authority, then, and order the false Pedro Sésé that he give me forth black Ilderim."

"Pedro Sésé has faithfully discharged his duty to my lord the king, who enjoined on him and on me the safe keeping of his favourite horse," said Dona Nuna. "The royal stables are open; take, my son, any other steed, but leave black Ilderim till thy father's return."

"Nay, by Heaven and by the saints, I will have Ilderim to ride this day, or I will have vengeance!"

The headstrong youth returned to the court-yard, and again demanded the steed: again the master of the horse refused. Don Garcia, pale with concentrated rage, sprang on another of the king's chargers, and galloped from the palace. Instead, however, of returning to the hunt, he urged his horse into the *des-poblado*, or open plain, lying to the south of the castle, and disappeared on the road to Burgos.

Time passed heavily, in her lord's absence, with the gentle Nuna. At first, she received frequent and joyful tidings of the successes which crowned his arms, and the brilliant victories gained by his forces over the Moslem army. Of late, and since the departure of Garcia from the castle, Sancho's affectionate despatches had altogether ceased; and Nuna, now thoroughly wretched, from the wayward perversity of her son, and from uncertainty as to her husband's fate, had prepared to rejoin him at any risk, and share the perils to which he might be exposed.

Her resolution was no sooner formed than it was promptly carried into effect: she summoned to her aid the trusty Pedro Sésé; and, protected by a small escort under his command, bid adieu to Navarre, and commenced her long and perilous journey towards the theatre of war.

The little cavalcade had reached Najarra, when, to their surprise and joy, they beheld a gallant band of horsemen rapidly approaching: the united banner of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, floating proudly before them, announced to all beholders that Sancho the Fourth led his knights in person.

Nuna's heart beat fast and tumultuously; in a few moments, and the long absent one would clasp her closely to his breast. She looked up to the master of the horse who rode by her side, and urged him to increased speed. They moved briskly forward; and the advancing knights who formed the king's body-guard became more distinctly visible. Sancho, as we have said, headed them; but as soon as they had arrived within a short distance of the queen's followers, the monarch advanced a few paces, and in tones of thunder called on them to halt. His brow was darkened with evil passions, his countenance flushed with anger.

"On the peril of your allegiance!" he shouted, rather than spoke, "seize the traitress, I command ye! My heart refused to hearken to the tale of her guilt, even when spoken by the lips of her son; but mine eyes have seen it. I have lived—wretched that I am—to witness her infamy. But the adulteress, and the companion of her crime, shall not escape my righteous vengeance.—See to it, that the queen and Pedro Sésé remain your prisoners."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the miserable Nuna, she could not have been more horror-struck, or more confounded. Her life-long dream of happiness was dissipated; the husband of her youth had recoiled from her as from the vilest reptile that crawls on the face of God's earth; and the worker of her woe and ruin was her own child—her own flesh and blood—her son Garcia! Who would believe her to be pure and innocent when such lips pronounced the tale of her guilt? Unhappy wife;—still more unhappy mother! In the deepest dungeon of the castle of Najarra she was left to mourn over her unparalleled misery. Alone, unfriended, and solitary, Nuna—who so lately had seen herself a beloved and cherished wife, a fond mother, and a mighty sovereign—struggled with her bitter and mournful reflections. She could not reproach her husband, for she felt that his ear had been poisoned against her by an accuser he could scarcely mistrust, even by the insinuations of her son, confirmed—as he deemed them to be—by the evidence of his senses, when he met her so unexpectedly travelling under the escort of Pedro Sésé.

But short space was left to Nuna for these agonizing thoughts. Death, a shameful death, was the punishment of the adulteress; but Sancho, more merciful than she had dared to hope, had granted her one loophole for escape,—one slender chance of proving her innocence. The lists were to be open to any champion believing in the lady's guiltlessness, who should adventure his life in her defence. If any such should proffer his services, he might do battle in single combat with

her accuser. God—according to the belief of those days—would give victory to him who maintained the truth!

The fatal day approached, arrived, and had well nigh passed. Garcia, unopposed, bestrode his war-steed, the redoubtable black Ilderim, whose possession he had so eagerly coveted, and purchased at so fearful a price. The discrowned queen, in conformity with custom, was placed within sight of the arena, tied to a stake, surmounting what would prove her funeral pile if no champion appeared on her behalf, or if her defender should suffer defeat.

Who can paint the agitation of Dona Nuna, thus placed within view of the lists, when the precious hours passed, one by one, and no champion stood forth in defence of her purity and truth? She was about to resign herself hopelessly to her inexorable fate, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, approaching at a rapid pace; and a knight, in complete armour, mounted on a charger, whose foaming mouth and reeking sides told that he had been ridden at a fearful pace, dashed into the lists, flung down his gauntlet of defiance, and announced that he was come to do battle in behalf of the falsely-accused, but stainless and guiltless queen.

There was an involuntary movement among the assembled multitude when Garcia prepared for the inevitable encounter. None knew, or could guess, who the knight might be. No device nor emblem, by which his identity would be discovered, could be traced on his helmet or on his shield! but the ease with which he surmounted his steed, and his graceful and gallant bearing, evinced that he was an accomplished warrior.

In a few seconds, the preliminary arrangements were complete; and, with lances in rest, the opponents approached. In the first encounter, to the amazement of all, Garcia was unhorsed, and fell heavily to the ground.

"She is innocent! She is innocent!" shouted the multitude.

"God be praised! though I have lost a son," was the subdued ejaculation of the king.

"I am prepared, in defence of the much-injured lady, to do combat to the death," said the stranger knight. "Base and dastardly villain! confess thy unnatural crime, or prepare to meet me once more, when I swear I will not let thee escape so lightly."

Garcia hesitated; he was evidently torn by conflicting emotions. Conscious guilt—fear of the just retribution of Heaven, executed by the stranger's avenging sword,—urged him to confess his villany. On the other hand, apprehension of the execrations of the multitude, and the indignation of his injured parents, restrained him from making a frank avowal of his crime.

"Remount, miscreant! and make ready for another encounter, or confess that you have lied in your throat," exclaimed the stranger, sternly.

Before Garcia could reply, an aged and venerable ecclesiastic threw himself between the opponents.

"In the name of Heaven! I command ye to withhold from this unnatural strife," he exclaimed, addressing them; "brothers are ye; the blood of a common father flows in your veins. Ramiro—forbear. Garcia—the combat this day has testified to your guilt; make the only atonement in your power, by a full confession."

Ejaculations of astonishment and pity burst from all the spectators. "Long live the noble bastard! The base-born has made base the well-born! The step-son has proved the true son! Praise be to the Virgin, the mother of the people has not been left without a godson to fight for her!" And all the matrons, and many even of the hardened warriors among the multitude, wept with tenderness and joy.

In a few moments the agitated queen found herself in her husband's arms. He implored her forgiveness for the sorrow she had endured; nor could she withhold it, even for a moment, when she listened to the avowals of the degraded Garcia, who confessed how, step by step, he had poisoned his father's mind by tales of her infidelity, in revenge for her refusal, and that of Pedro Sésé, to entrust him with Sancho's favourite charger, black Ilderim.

Nuna turned from her abject son, and motioned her young champion to approach. He knelt at her feet.

"Ramiro," she softly said, as she unclasped the helmet and visor which concealed the handsome features of Sancho's illegitimate son; "child of my affections, for whom I have ever felt a mother's love, though I have not borne for thee a mother's pains; how shall I thank thee? Thou hast this day more than repaid the tenderness I lavished on thy infant years. Thou hast made clear my fair fame to all men; even at the risk of thy own young life."

"I would lay down life itself for such a friend as you have been, and esteem the sacrifice light," rejoined Ramiro, with deep emotion. "I remember my childish days—before you came to Navarre, a bright, happy, innocent bride—when I wandered through my father's palace an unloved and neglected boy; and I can recall vividly the moment when you first encountered me, and, struck by the resemblance I bore to the king, surmised the truth. Instead of hating me with the unjust aversion of an ungenerous nature, you took the despised child to your heart, and, for the love you bore your lord, you loved and cherished his base-born son. For the genial atmosphere you created around me, and in which my affections expanded, and for the care you have bestowed on my education, I owe you a debt of gratitude far deeper than ever child bore his own mother. Nature dictates maternal love, in the one instance—but it is to the suggestions of a noble and generous heart that I have been indebted for the happiness of my life. You owe me no thanks—for, for such a friend no sacrifice can be too great."

Nuna turned to the king; and, taking his hand in hers, placed it on the head of her young champion. "I have brought you kingdoms as my dower," she said, "but I have not, alas! brought you a son so worthy as Ramiro of being their ruler. I freely forgive the Infante the suffering he has caused me, and hope that, with advancing years, he will cultivate the virtues in which he has shewn himself to be deficient. But Ramiro has already given evidence of the possession of those exalted qualities which ensure the happiness of a people when possessed by their rulers. Invest him then, at my entreaty, with the crown of Arragon; receive back to your confidence our faithful Pedro Sésé; and suffer me to forget my past griefs in the anticipation of a love which shall never again be interrupted."

The king raised his hand in assent; and the assembled multitude confirmed the investiture with one mighty shout—"Ramiro! Ramiro! long live Ramiro! Infante of Arragon!"

JEAN PAUL.

By PARSON FRANK.

WRITERS to whom has been vouchsafed the genius of humour, present attractions to their readers, not merely of a literary, but also of a personal kind. Wits we may desire to know for the sake of their intellectual talent; humourists for their own sakes. In the former case, the curiosity of the head is excited; in the latter, the interest of the heart also. Wit excites our admiration by its gala illuminations and fireworks; humour allures us to sit down by its genial fireside, and warm ourselves there from top to toe. The wit we deferen-

tially salute with a gesture of respect for his "parts":—the humourist we cordially grasp by the hand, as though we were his equal, or at least knew that he affected no superiority. The one, we feel, is apt to make fun of us; the other loves to enjoy fun with us. The one, therefore, we call a clever, the other a capital fellow. Accordingly, while it is quite *comme il faut* to envy a personal knowledge of every literary celebrity, it is natural that our especial favourites should be men not *all head* and shoulders—like cold busts that regard us so impassively—but men who have written with the red-ink of their own hearts, and who have enlisted our sympathies as well as our acquiescence. Milton—ah! it were a grand thing to have known Milton; and one would undertake a lengthy walk (if not quite as far as Virgil took Dante) to have a "crack" with him. But—independently of all relative superiority in the scale of genius—how much more one is *drawn* (that is the word) towards the man William Shakespeare! Sheridan was a wit; and to have sat at the same table with him and heard his (ready-made?) repartees, would be a boastful reminiscence for ourselves, as it is to a few surviving elderly gentlemen. But if we sigh for an introduction to Richard Brinsley, far more do we for an intimacy with Charles Lamb. *Him* we should like to have faced for hours together (*plus* that almost *sine quâ non*, kindly, sound-hearted Bridget), that we might grow in affection as well as knowledge, and rejoice the cockles of our heart as well as the fumes of our brain.

As to the Germans—their standard authors at least—our greed of acquaintanceship would open its ponderous jaws for the whole kit of them, the integral series. Yet there is one whom, *par excellence*, we would have called friend,—not because he bears the bell of melodious verse, or sways the sceptre of literary supremacy, or is crowned *facile princeps* among the sons of genius; but because he is a loving humourist, and as such, a man after our own heart. That man is Jean Paul. It were a treat to have known Lessing, and been instructed by his manly vigour and unclouded intellect. It were a boast to have known Kant, and joined the temperate *symposia* of the octogenarian bachelor, while he brought out of his mental treasures things new and old. It were a boon to have known Herder, and been guided by his elevated wisdom to regions of healthy thought and suggestive speculation. It were a privilege to have known Fichte, and been startled into broader tracts of inquiry by his adventurous doctrine. It were a pleasure to have known Wieland, his eccentricities, crotchets, vacillations included. It were a pride to have known Schiller, and caught the enthusiasm of his generous spirit, and heard him sketch a projected drama. It were a glory to have known Goethe, and have listened as those calm lips expounded the petted *Farben-lehre*, or unravelled the tangled problems of *Faust*. But the man whom we would fain have known and perseveringly visited, and confidently consulted, by whose ingle-no ok we should have felt at home, of whose sympathy we should have been assured, in whose large heart we should have asked and found a place, whose greatness we should have believed great enough to condescend to our low estate—is Jean Paul Richter.

If the "Essays of Elia" are rightly canonized among the "daintiest productions of English wit-melancholy,"* the writings of Jean Paul occupy a corresponding, or rather, a more exclusive and isolated place, among the *belles lettres* of Deutschland. For, while Charles Lamb is but one among a galaxy of native humourists, and, at the highest, a *primus inter pares*, Richter is a kind of Saul among the humourists of his nation, and overtops them from his broad shoulders and upwards. If he could not wield the sword of that Goliath, the poly-lateral Goethe,—neither could Goethe bend Paul's bow of reckless far-glancing humour.

* Leigh Hunt's *Table-Talk*.

Thanks, first and foremost, to Mr. Carlyle; the name of our Bayreuth "professor" is not unknown, not unloved in England. In 1827, Professor Wilson wrote as follows:—"Jean Paul Richter himself, the foe of all formalists, and the fearless traveller of nature's wildest haunts, even to the shadowy verge and limits of unconceived existence, has found, at last, an eloquent eulogist, who, in the reign of Anne, would have been thought insane, and something extraordinary even in that of Elizabeth."*

There are few biographies so fascinating, few more salutary to man's better nature, than the memoirs in question. We are told to love, as though he were our own sire, this German of the Germans,—this "Only One,"—this huge, irregular man,—so full of fire, strength, and impetuosity,—so mild, simple-hearted, humane. His life is indeed "spiritual and silent"; but it is no blank. It teems with interest and significance from cradle to grave. His own description of his earliest days is one of the pleasantest and tenderest of autobiographical fragments. "The professor," as he calls himself, "and the spring were born together";—meet season for the birth of a flower so fresh, so fragrant, and unfading. Meet, too, was the place of its birth, in the very centre—the *omphale*—of Germany; among the pine mountains—*Fichtelgebirge*—of Bavaria; where the people, drawn together by insulated position and primitive clannishness, are pious and unpretending, and trustworthy. The father of Paul occupied a poor, mean dwelling, built with beams of wood, filled up with mortar, and thatched with straw—a homestead, of which the prominent features were clean white walls, a large cheery stove, and a tiled flooring. Like its neighbouring tenements, we may also assume it had the welcome appendage of a little orchard, embowering it round about, and a circular dove-cot on a stunted column, in the courtyard. "I am willing to have been born in *thee*, little city of the high mountain," he says, "whose summits look down upon us like the heads of eagles."† These summits, however, it was never his lot to reach. The fact that he could not, as a child, climb the heights of his birthplace, has been called "the mother of that secret longing with which he every moment, even in the most cheerful circumstances of his life, fell back upon his youth. When easier circumstances permitted him to travel, he would not enter the solitary valleys, or ascend the romantic heights of the *Fichtelgebirge*, lest the reality should break the enchantment of memory, and the illusions of his youth, which embellished the evening of his life with romantic hues, should vanish."‡ Here, amid straits not a few, he was brought up by a father whose excellent nature "had the power of carving a good haven from an iceberg"—a singular power inherited by the son, who further describes him as living in the air, with outspread wings,—a man always full of wit, and jests, and amusing anecdotes. "And how he hung, with a warm, tender, parental heart on me, and easily, with every little sign of talents or improvement on my part, burst into joyful tears!" As we enjoy reading any man's sincerely told recollections of his childhood, so do we especially value those of a man so childlike as Jean Paul. Simplest facts of this nature have their charm; and we linger, with an emotion that is not affected, whatever else it may be, over autobiographic reminiscences of Robert Southey going with Miss Tyler to his first and never-forgotten play; and of Thomas de Quincey in love with garden crocuses, and a poor wounded king-fisher; and of Leigh Hunt, standing pensively on the beach at Deal, and watching, with strange awe, the herds of porpoises gamboling by twilight. We are quite greedy, therefore, of Jean Paul's

fugitive memories of childhood; and bless him for telling us how, before he was fifteen months old, a poor scholar loved him much, and was loved in return, and carried him about in his arms, and later, took him by the hand to the large dark apartment of the older children, where he gave the baby-boy milk to drink.

In the fall of life, Jean Paul thus alluded to that early friend:—"This form, vanishing in distance, and his love hover again over later years; but, alas, I no longer remember his name. If it were possible that he lives yet, far in his sixtieth year, and that these lectures should meet his eye! . . . Ah, God, if this should be so, and he should write, or the older man should come to visit the old man!" How, again, all the school was dear to Jean Paul, especially the lean, consumptive, but animated schoolmaster, and how every new copy-book delighted him, as others are delighted with pictures,—and how, to his infinite chagrin, he closed the school-door for ever upon himself, by an untimely complaint to his father that a tall peasant's son had cut him a little on the knuckles with a clasp-knife,—and how he devoted whole hours to thrumming on an old untuned harpsichord;§ and how he prepared clocks, and a sun-dial, and a book-case, and a new alphabet. Now we see this fair blue-eyed boy in love with a fair blue-eyed girl, whose occupation, like that of Sir Piercie Shafton's "bucolic damsel," is to tend the "fleecey mothers of the herd,"—and we are told that the sound of the cow-bell remained to him for a long time the *Ranz des Vaches* from the high distant Alps of childhood; "and yet will his old heart's blood roll in billows through his veins when this sound again hovers in the air."|| Now we see him, on a shining Sunday morning, parading the village with a bunch of keys, jingling them by the way to attract attention, to opening the pastor's garden with one of them, to bring roses from thence (exemplary custom!) to adorn the reading desk. Now we see him taking the psalm-book one afternoon, in his father's absence, and going to visit an extremely aged woman, "old as the hills," who had long been bedridden; and, placing himself by the bedside, like the pastor visiting the sick, he begins to read the psalms for the dying; but is soon interrupted by tears and sobs, not of the invalid, for *she* is cold and unmoved, but his own.

These are illustrations of his sensibility, which many account too womanish and extravagant to gain English sympathy. But if Jean Paul was prone, as we believe he was, to excess of emotion, what a grand command he could exercise over himself, in the most rugged ways and trying times! If he was naturally Rousseau-ish, at least he habituated himself to "diet upon Epictetus." Mr. Carlyle has delineated him as a being who, with the softest, most universal sympathy for outward things, is inwardly calm and impregnable; holding on his way through all temptations and afflictions, so quietly, yet so inflexibly.¶ This aspect is beautifully realized in his university course at Leipzig; during which, "from a buoyant, cloud-capt youth, he perfected himself into a clear, free, benignant, and lofty-minded man."** Poverty of the sternest sort visits him there—sterner than that which troubled Johnson's

§ Richter was ever passionately fond of music. Like his father, he had for that divine art a "hundred Argus ears." His improvisation of harpsichord *phantasies* is said to have been his first recommendation to princely circles; "he would play on till tears ran over all faces, and from emotion he could play no longer." He himself somewhere says, "Nothing exhausts and touches me like *phantasies* on the piano. All my buried feelings and spirits rise again. . . . Every true musician could, like the nightingales, trill himself to death. When I have phantasied long, I break out into violent weeping, without thinking of anything decidedly melancholy."

|| *Autobiography*.

¶ *Carlyle's Miscellanies*, Vol. ii.

** *Ibid*.

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. xxii. p. 548.

† *Autobiography*.

‡ E. B. Lee's *Life of Jean Paul*, Vol. i.

stomach and pride at Oxford. He has to write books for a living—but when written, he cannot get them published—when published, they will not sell. Yet his cheerfulness keeps its mouth, with a smile on it, above the surges of sorrow; and seems to sing, like the White Lady of Avenal to the bewildered Sacristan,

"Merrily ride we!—the moon shines bright!"

Jean Paul is not the man whom poverty can make bankrupt of all; he has, before now, laid to heart that old text (which he supposes must have some meaning), "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." He keeps a book of devout thoughts (*Andachtsbuch*), and therein records his conviction that his every unpleasant feeling is a sign that he has become untrue to his resolutions. Epictetus, quoth he, was not unhappy. And when he leaves Leipzig, to be with his widowed mother and his sisters at Hof, what a singular society nestles in that "house containing one apartment!" Writing world-famous novels, while his elbow is jogged, ever and anon, by his mother brushing past him, besom or saucepan in hand,—while his sisters scour *fortissimo* the dressers and benches, or perform an *obligato* to his fanciful *thema*, by scrubbing the tiled floor. Let the *Sturm-marsch* of clattering crockery and unbridled tongues rail and rattle to the top of its bent,—Jean Paul writes on—quietly, happily on. At most he murmurs to himself, "An evil vanishes if I do not think of it. Let me suppose a worse situation than my own." O, rare Jean Paul!

Better days dawn upon him. His writings begin to tell upon Germany. He is able—with what honest exultation!—to move his mother into better quarters. He visits Weimar, and is received with open arms by Herder and Wieland, though the greater *Dioscouri*, Goethe and Schiller, seem to him, on a first brief acquaintance, chilly and distant. He is made a *Legations-rath*. He turns the head of every woman he meets, and of thousands besides.* He marries, and settles down into the calmest domestic life. Hitherto he has been a pale, fragile-looking creature; now he becomes stout and hardy to a degree. The great Cotta pays him seven louis d'or per sheet for his "Wild Oats" (*Plegeljarse*). The Bavarian Government pensions him. He is honourably intimate with Germany's distinguished men—with Fichte, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, and Voss, besides others already named. Heidelberg sends him a Ph. D. diploma, and fetes him right gloriously. And so the light widens and brightens, until dimmed by the sore afflictions of his closing years.

Above threescore volumes has he left behind. Threescore volumes of the strangest variety conceivable—satire and emotion, mirth and melancholy, sobriety and nonsense, shrewdness and sentimentalism, pathos and bathos, truth and twaddle. Here he is as grave as the seraphic doctor; there as flighty as Rabelais, as wilfully preposterous as Charles Lamb in his "All Fools' Day" rhodomontade. He plays Yorick and King Cambyzes in one rôle; he merges Hamlet in Falstaff without changing his dress. In one paragraph, he sounds a chord most musical, most melancholy, tender and thrilling as

An angel's song

That bids the heavens be mute;—

in the next, he gabbles forth nondescript absurdities, as fluently as "poor Tom, whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through bushes and through bogs." He empties into his writings the sum total of his reading—which is universal; literature,

* Among the former may be mentioned M^{me}. von Kalb, said to be the original of Linda in the *Titan* (which Germany considers J. P.'s *chef-d'œuvre*). M^{me}. von Kruedener, the Russian Ambassador's wife, and Emilie von Berlepsch; among the latter, the ill-fated young enthusiast Maria Forster, a sort of exaggerated *Bettina*.

science, art, in all their greatnesses and littlenesses, furnish him with illustrations. His peripatetic style scandalizes many. Goethe protested against his cavalier neglect of art; and numerous voices, native and foreign, capable and incapable, hoarse and clear, echo the protest. Dr. A. F. Vilmar says that any reader who has relished the prose style of the ancient classics, or such prose as was written by Luther, or Lessing, or Goethe, or Schiller, must soon turn aside with impatience from that of Richter.† As for Englishmen, what they think of him may be intimated by quoting a genial critic:—"John Bull especially, with his stone and lime church, his statutable religion, and his direct railroad understanding, is very apt to be exasperated by the capricious jerking electric points of such a genuine German genius as Richter."‡ Yet there are to be found, between Cornwall and Caithness, people who manage to survive the first shock of consternation produced by such a meteor, and who discover in him a light and heat not unwholesome, however erratic,—not unwelcome, however anomalous. Prim folks who cling to the dramatic unities and all that, who cannot abide mirth of a stouter fabric than that of Mr. Spectator, or a style that deviates from the reproachless routine of Hugh Blair, D.D., are betrayed into objuratory violence against this Teutonic transgressor. Others, however, are not wanting who see a method in his madness, and who hold that such madness is itself a symbol of genius. In its expressions they discover a "power" of meaning. Jean Paul's writings may be compared, as Southey compared his *Doctor*, to a "trifle," where you have whip cream at the top, sweetmeats below, and a good solid foundation of cake well steeped in ratifia. § Sport is his element, as Mr. Carlyle says, and wild work he makes of it, "heaping Pelion upon Ossa," "playing bowls with the sun, moon, and stars."|| Yet, in the heat of the *melée*, it is apparent that all this "anarchy is not without its purpose; these vizards are not mere hollow masks; there are living faces under them, and this mumming has its significance."¶ The author's style may be a "wild complicated Arabesque"; his diction may surprise us with violent outbreaks,—

With quibs, and quirks, and wanton wiles,

With sweeping blasts and strange unearthly cries,

Swift laughter, hurrying fears,

Madness, and joys, and tears,

And every mood that wayward wildness tries.**

We are content to believe, with Wolfgang Menzel, that had he attempted to introduce a greater symmetry and proportion into his works, he must have lopped away the best parts of his rich and beautiful details, of his digressions and episodes. "We could willingly pardon every one his mannerism, if he were but a Jean Paul; and a fault of richness is always better than one of poverty."†† Who would have made bold to "pull up" Samuel Taylor Coleridge in one of his infinitely parenthetical monologues, because he diverged from the trunk line, and hurried you into sequestered Edens and insulated recesses unnoted in the way-bill? None, surely, but a grim utilitarian reduced to his lowest terms—which, in a genuine specimen, must be very low indeed.

Richter presents a perhaps *unique* combination of

† Lectures on German Literature.

‡ Blackwood's Magazine, July 1847.

§ "You will find," writes Robert the Rhymer, in reference to his pet work, "a liberal expenditure of long-hoarded stores, such as the reading of few men could supply, satire and speculation; truths, some of which might besem the bench or the pulpit, and others that require the sanction of the cap and bells for their introduction."—*Life of Southey*, Vol. v. p. 190.

|| Specimens of German Romance.

¶ Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, Vol. i.

** Sydney Yendys, *The Roman*.

†† Menzel's *German Literature*, Vol. iv.

the manly and the sentimental. His earliest works are indeed more inclined to be cynical and sardonic than his later,—for it was a struggling period with him when he wrote *The Eulogy of Stupidity* and the *Greenland Lawuits*, but a serene one when engaged with *Wild Oats* and the *Doctrine of Education*. If his youthful compositions have a tone of bitterness in their mirth, a fly in their ointment, what marvel? How could his laugh be other than forced and hollow, when his stomach was so empty? A man "at hand-grips with actual want" cannot be expected to sustain a prolonged pealing guffaw. But humane and sympathizing Richter ever was, though progressively so. He could penetrate into a soul of good in things evil. His eye conveyed light to the dark places on which it glanced, and transfigured the dull into the brightsome. All nature lived to him; it had no charnel-house, no dead. His own existence was to him the most blessed of mysteries.* "Every sound of human joy and of human sorrow found a deep-resounding echo in his bosom. The avowed object of all his literary labours was to raise up again the down-sunken faith in God, virtue, and immortality; and, in an egotistical, revolutionary age, to warm again our human sympathies, which have now grown cold."† The religious spirit underlies his fantastic *jeux-d'esprit*. The most orthodox of British magazines has admired his purity of "unadulterated evangelic feeling," and eulogised him as a "rare Christian, a man whom you cannot read and relish thoroughly unless you are a Christian yourself, any more than you can the Gospel of John."‡ He resembles Schiller, as Menzel§ has said, in always contrasting innocence with vice, justice with injustice,—in the nobleness of his disposition, his pure virtue, and the fire of generous passion. Not merely in books but in life was he amiable and Christian. Von Ense describes him as true to his character in the heat of conversation:—"he uttered no sharp word, he made no false representation, he never watched for an opportunity to take an unfair advantage; he was invariably gentle, but allowed his own comprehensive nature to run riot." "His was a great and noble nature: there was no guile, no meanness in his character. He was altogether as he wrote—kindly, hearty, strong, and brave."|| With all his grotesque antics—and sometimes weary platitudes—he was a man of a "truly earnest, nay high and solemn character."¶ He is the modern evangelist of the soul's immortality; his assurances of our divine vocation and noble destiny, sound like the cadences of bird-minstrelsy and the soft murmur of bees from his own *Campaner Thal*. Interrupted they may be by sudden transitions, by discordant accompaniments, by accidental flats of profuse recurrence;—the woodpigeon's cooing followed by the peacock's scream. But these discords are not without their place in the final concord; and amid the turmoil of such "relief by contrast," we remember that *telle est la vie*.

CARLYLE.

"Yes," said Goethe, "the temper in which Carlyle works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is! and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than ourselves. At any rate, we cannot vie with him in our researches in English literature."—Goethe.

* "One forenoon I was standing," he says, "a very young child, in the outer door...when, all at once, the internal vision, 'I am a Me' (*Ich bin ein Ich*), came like a flash from heaven before me, and in gleaming light ever afterwards continued: then had my Me, for the first time, seen itself, and for ever."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. IX. 1830.

† Longfellow: *Hyperion*.

‡ *Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1847.

§ *Deutsch Literatur*.

|| Varahagon von Ense's *Denkwürdigkeiten*. ¶ Carlyle.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S BLUNDER.

(From the German of Ludwig Tieck.)

THERE lived, some years ago, in one of the large cities of Germany, a young professor of philosophy, and as, like philosophers generally, he was infallible, having discovered the only absolute truth and the only wisdom that would prove eternally impregnable, of course, he had plenty of disciples who were ready to swear by him. The hall in which he lectured was almost too small for the crowd who thirsted after knowledge, and such of his disciples as he honoured with a more familiar intercourse were envied by all the rest. Men of business, who had almost forgotten their student-years, considered it a great favour when this wise—and as yet tolerably young—Plato permitted them to sit among his pupils, that they also might quench their thirst at the fountain. Though this teacher was so much in fashion, and, consequently, created a host of worthless admirers, those more earnest men who knew how to value his acuteness could not deny him their esteem. Nothing also could be more natural than that a travelling French lady—witty, curious, and inclined to research—should seek to become acquainted with the famous professor, and get him to give her an explanation of his system, as far as her smattering of German and his bad unassisted French would permit. She—voluble and impulsive, neither languid nor given to dreaminess—was a follower in the steps of the celebrated De Staël, who was the first to direct the attention of her self-satisfied countrymen to Germany, as a land, like some far Indies or fabulous region, wherein various things were to be discovered of which the perfectly civilised French had not so much as dreamt. So this young widow, Lady Deschamps, listened believingly; imbibing the didactic professor's metaphysics with both eyes and ears, and it frequently distressed her that, though her spirit was completely rapt, her mouth would keep laughing at the bad French of the Evangelist. It was still worse when, sometimes (as one has seen it happen to artificial cascades in parks**), when the store of water runs short, the inspired teacher had to cease speaking, not being able to find words, either winged or lame, whereby to express his meaning in that foreign tongue. In such a time of need, a fair girl, a younger sister of the lady-traveller, acted as interpreter, and translated the thoughts of the speaker, who thus found himself obliged to deliver them in German. This latter style of philosophical conversation was, after some time, considered preferable to the other, and the hours thus devoted to philosophy became more numerous, and assumed a more familiar and confidential character. These two young and graceful women hung on the words of the eloquent teacher who told them things so new and strange. They thought they understood him, and he, when he saw their look of wonderment, had not the slightest doubt of it. Nothing could be more natural than that, when the hours of severe study were over, they should refresh themselves with lighter conversation; and, at such times, the young professor displayed all his German politeness.

He often met his lady-pupils in society, but greatly preferred seeing them at their own home. He was human, and one can scarcely blame him if, after some weeks, he fancied that both these amiable young ladies liked his society better than any other. He was unmarried, tolerably good-looking, besides being a celebrated author; so, after turning the whole affair over in his mind, he thought he saw some probability of this womanly friendliness ripening into love.

He hesitated some time as to which fair one he should give the preference; which he should approach

** Or in Trafalgar Square.—S.

with the idea of inspiring her with love, and experiencing it himself. At length, he fixed on the younger sister, who—besides being the more beautiful, and half a German already—had an estate in Alsace, about which he had heard a good deal; the said estate being a thing not absolutely disagreeable to a prudent man, or to one thinking himself so. He had also become more familiar with her, from her having to translate his instructions, and as this younger sister, moreover, was always more respectful towards him, he was not sorry to find her sometimes at home by herself.

Such was the state of affairs. The philosopher grew more honoured every day by his admirers, who had visited that great city partly on his account. They wrote notes and letters to him containing expressions of devotion, which seemed to the happy fellow almost to border on idolatry, and which he himself secretly condemned. He got beautiful, gilt-edged, rose-pink paper, in order to reply properly; only he often lamented that those fine French characters, which were as delicately and beautifully rounded as if they were engraved, were sometimes very difficult to read, owing to the similarity of the letters. He had again been instructing the ladies, and was joyfully expecting to meet them the evening after at the house of the ambassador. In the morning, while sitting at breakfast with some of his most intimate friends, he received a long letter from the learned lady-traveller, the elder sister. Joy sparkled in his eyes as he opened and read the letter, imparting the contents to his friends. It seemed to be the old tale over again, with an admiration, if anything, increased; and all were highly delighted that their teacher's greatness was also recognised by foreigners.

The lady began by expressing her satisfaction that she was to meet the man, at the ambassador's house that evening, who was growing continually dearer to her heart and mind: his presence would confer true dignity on the assembly. When this passage was read, the young Herr Von Netting remarked that she already began to think like a German, she could not have brought such a notion with her out of France. "So it is," observed a young poet, "it will be by means of us Germans, when they get to be better acquainted with us and with our literature, that the French will become a true individual rationality. These different travellers, who are daily arriving, remind one of Joshua and Caleb, who announced the Promised Land to the dwellers in the desert."

"And," said a third, "will not this young widow take a fine bunch of grapes back, as a sample; thereby filling all her countrymen with delighted astonishment?"

This young, impetuous fellow had scarcely uttered these words, when the professor, growing pale as death, let the letter fall to the ground,—"Whatever is the matter with you?" exclaimed all. The professor seated himself in his easy-chair, and, endeavouring to compose himself, said—in a voice full of emotion—"All of you, my friends, will bear me witness what true zeal, what kindness I have shown towards this haughty Frenchwoman, ever anticipating her wishes. How much of my valuable time I have sacrificed to her—striving to illuminate her benighted skull, that, being thus animated, she might be capable of a nobler, truer existence. She also seemed to feel this; yet still, still it is impossible for the Frenchwoman to change her nature—impossible for her to get rid of the presumption, selfishness, and insolent pretension inherent in her nation. Read for yourselves, with your own eyes, this scandalous letter; just read for yourselves this vulgar impertinence. It would have been impossible for the very coarsest German to write thus, unless to some open enemy whom he wished to humble to the uttermost. Read here, at the commencement, you see there are thanks, admiration, the

finest French phrases; and here—speaking of my good-nature—she grows quite sentimental; and here—about my system—she shews herself not without insight; and then she says, only one German—myself—could unite to such profundity—a stupidity altogether unexampled! What do you say to it? Is not this shamelessness also unexampled?"

All were dumb. Each took the letter in turn; each scrutinized and verified the offensive line, and when all were convinced that this abomination had actually been said of their revered tutor, the manifold denials and pathetic exclamations by which every one sought to give vent to his rage, produced an uproar well nigh maddening. As soon as something like quietness was restored, the professor said, "Believe me, this nonsense really contains an eulogium; that is, such an eulogium as these insolents can and will give. This is what they think of us. They take us for bears and clumsy untamed creatures, and, with a sort of refined *haut goût*, which gives the very daintiest relish to their sublimated brilliancy, they—the finer souls—deign to learn of us rude, awkward things. It is a wonder to them that stupid barbarism should produce profundity—that a singular law of nature has so ordained that the deepest and most fundamental can only grow in this soil of stupidity; that is to say, with us. I must, however, repudiate such an eulogium, and will not allow either myself or my countrymen to be reviled in such a manner."

It has often been said that it is best to answer a letter immediately as soon as received, and that this insures the freest and liveliest correspondence. As respects friendly epistles, this may be a true doctrine; but when passion, occasioned by a letter, possesses a man, it were more advisable, perhaps, that he first let his anger cool down somewhat, that in his answer he may observe due moderation. However, these enraged German philosophers did not think so. After some conversation, they all approved of the professor's resolution; which was—to answer the shameless document *instantly*, and in the most stinging style; all courteous introduction, all phrases of obligation or politeness were to be omitted. So the professor sat down, and, as quickly as his French would permit, wrote a decided declaration of war to her who had hitherto been his friend and admirer. Those who were around him furnished him with a phrase now and then which they considered wittier or more biting, so the whole formed a choice bouquet of German invectives, drawn upon a sheet of common writing-paper; the professor being now ashamed of his gilt-edged rose-pink preparations.

In his reply, he declared himself on his guard against any further approaches on her part; and, as the enemy might perhaps try to offer some explanation of her ill-bred phrase, he said, since the French had endeavoured to infuse some courtesy and politeness into the Germans, she would not take it amiss if he adopted her own letter as a model; trying, as far as was possible for him, to imitate it. He must confess that this her rudeness and unabashed impudence far transcended the unexampled stupidity which, in him, had so amazed her. His German good-nature—which she had praised somewhat too highly—was not, however, so great that he could laugh at her vulgar impertinence, or treat it as something pardonable in a lady. His anger, also, was thoroughly German, both by nature and constitution, and his own consciousness, as well as the respect which every learned man owed to himself, impelled him—his position in society, his reputation and his worth, compelled him—from henceforth, and in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, to break off all acquaintance with so thorough and inveterate a Frenchwoman. For the rest, he should be at the ambassador's that evening, and if, after the present declaration on his part, she should still dare to claim

acquaintance with him, he could shew her—however stupid he might be—with what profoundest contempt he could repel so presumptuous a creature. Inasmuch as stupidity and profundity might be united, so respect might be compatible with the present explanation; he therefore remained—so-and-so.

All admired this weighty epistle as much as if it were the masterpiece of some diplomatist, at once graceful and resolute. A manservant took it to the lady's house immediately.

To the ambassador's house went the professor, accompanied by a few of his squires, and armed with all his dignity. Many people of fashion, both ladies and gentlemen, as well as some distinguished men, were present. The professor was kindly welcomed by the host and his lady, and after a while the French ladies—who had been keeping up an animated conversation with some of their own countrymen in a distant corner—came up to him. "Good heavens, my honoured friend!" exclaimed the elder, in her native tongue; "what a most extraordinary letter you sent me this morning! I was in the country when it reached me. I had to get out of my carriage to make a few calls, so I read it, and, as I have not yet recovered from the astonishment it caused me, I have brought it along with me. Your excuses, my esteemed friend, will have to be both ample and clever, if I ascribe this most incomprehensible occurrence to a fit of hypochondria."

"I have nothing to do with excuses!" cried the German in a state of great excitement: "they ought to come from you, but how cleverly soever you may parade them, they will make no impression on my firmness." She replied with some warmth—being naturally impetuous,—and as the professor scarcely took the trouble to keep his temper, his voice gradually rose into a scream, so that all the bystanders turned their heads towards this group, in amazement. "Friends," said the minister, "come with me into the next room, lest this unusual disturbance should draw all eyes on you. If you think me worthy of being umpire in the matter, I trust I shall be able to reconcile such distinguished friends."

So the contending parties followed the kind-hearted man, who was accompanied by his daughter and two men of letters; the French lady was followed by a few other ladies, whose curiosity would not let them stay behind; and the professor was attended by his whole staff, their faces full of anger.

"Your excellency," said the professor, as soon as the door was shut, "shall now be informed of the most outrageous circumstance that was, perhaps, ever announced. Now that we have destroyed French tyranny, and frustrated their attempts at universal dominion, they wish to trample our spirits under foot."

"Since the affair has become the subject of a judicial investigation," said the French lady, with a smile, "will you, Count, read this letter, which the Herr Professor sent me this morning?" She handed the letter to the ambassador with a courteous smile, in which the professor, however, could see nothing but insolence and cunning.

"I have to request that your excellency will read it aloud," said he; "it was occasioned by a letter which the lady sent me, and which I have with me at present. In due time that letter shall be read aloud also, that, seeing I have expressed my feelings with some warmth, I may humbly endeavour to justify myself."

Every one was waiting anxiously, so the minister began to read the professor's letter, in a rather unsteady voice. As he proceeded, his embarrassment increased; partly on account of the strange French, but still more because he had to repeat phrases and improprieties which are altogether banished from society. When he had finished, the professor said,—

"Your excellency is, as I see, astonished that I should

write thus: but since you have taken in hand this affair which has wounded me so deeply, I beg you also to read aloud what the lady wrote to me."

"You are utterly incomprehensible, professor!" exclaimed the French lady; "it is enough to make one believe in magic and witchcraft; for there cannot be any natural explanation of such conduct."

The minister then read her letter also, with a more cheerful look and a firmer voice; for he saw in it nothing but friendship, civility, and delicate flattery. When he got near the conclusion, the professor laid his hand upon it and said, with a reddening face,—“Now, I beg you will read this out clearly and distinctly—the unexampled stupidity united to profundity.”

"Why," said the minister—who could hardly speak for laughing—"here it is, quite plain: 'could unite to such profundity—a sagacity altogether unexampled.'"

With trembling hands did the German philosopher take the letter—he looked and read; then read and looked again: his companions examined it likewise, much as if it were a knotty passage in some half obliterated manuscript. The French lady laughed, and loudly clapping her small white hands, exclaimed—with the tone of a pert child—"What! you read stupidity instead of sagacity? You, the man of such prodigious insight! and all your friends there into the bargain?"

"The characters," stammered the professor, "are so very similar; so close together; so free and bold, yet so obscure withal, that—I—I really beg pardon."

He was silent, and immediately withdrew with his friends. The instant he left the room, the company—no longer under any restraint—burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. At last the Count said,—“I request the ladies and gentlemen, if possible, not to mention this strange affair; indeed, it were well if we all forgot it, in order to avoid distressing the man who is otherwise so estimable.”

"Oh, he will get over it," said a young lady; "the week will soon be gone, and then it will be equally forgotten, whether we hush it up or noise it abroad."

"Suppose," said the lady-traveller, "I adopt his reading, in the next edition of my letter; I should not be far wrong, should I?"

She never saw him again, for soon after both sisters returned to their native country.

J. D. H.

SOPHOCLES

The ordinary persecutions of envy itself seem to have spared this unfortunate poet. Although his moral character was far from pure; and even in extreme old age he sought after the pleasures of his youth, yet his excesses apparently met with a remarkable indulgence from his contemporaries. To him were known neither the mortifications of Æschylus, nor the relentless mockery heaped upon Euripides. On his fair name the terrible Aristophanes himself affixes no brand. The sweetness of his genius extended indeed to his temper, and personal popularity assisted his public triumphs. Nor does he appear to have keenly shared the party animosities of his day; his serenity, like that of Goethe, has in it something of enviable, rather than honourable, indifference. He owned his first distinction to Cimon,—and he served afterwards under Pericles;—on his entrance into life, he led the youths that circled the trophy of Grecian freedom—and on the verge of death, we shall hereafter see him calmly assent to the surrender of Athenian liberties. In short, Aristophanes, perhaps, mingled more truth than usual with his wit, when, even in the shades below, he says of Sophocles, "He was contented here—he's contented there." A disposition thus facile, united with an admirable genius, will, not unoften, effect a misrule, and reconcile prosperity with fame.

At the age of fifty-seven, Sophocles was appointed, as I before said, to a command, as one of the ten generals in the Samian war; but history is silent as to his military genius.

—Bulwer's Athens.

Talk of the Week.

The Smithfield Nuisance.—Proposed New Market.—The Quack Pill.—Lodgings for the Exhibition.—Death of Joanna Baillie.

THE great law of compensation which pervades all nature more or less appears to act upon corporations in their morality. Their good effects are apparent on every hand—their evil is, that there is no such thing as a corporate conscience. Cowper first announced this in his *Task*, and Southey more fully and more vigorously exposed it in his *Colloquies*. Railway mania and multiplications of corporate bodies have justified their forebodings, and magnified the evils. A corporation of men will commit injustices, publish untruths, perpetrate wrongs, which, if committed by any individual of that corporation, would insure his expulsion from all reputable society. Take the corporation of London for an instance, in the case of Smithfield-market. Would any individual member of that truth-loving body, from the Lord Mayor down to the most insignificant Common Councillor, state in private, on their own personal responsibility, that he did deliberately advocate the continuance of a public nuisance whereby the city was rendered unhealthy, humanity outraged, and the lives of street passengers rendered insecure? We trow not. And yet, as a body, these obese gentlemen make a dead stand in favour of the continuance of those enormities: and endeavour, by open bluster, wilful blindness and deafness, and by "oily gammon," to perpetuate their existence.

A plan of a regenerate Smithfield is in the shop windows of the city; crowds of gaping cits stand and admire. The picture is beautiful in the extreme. Bulls are to stand in comfortable stalls and solicit, over Corinthian columns, the favours of marketing butchers. Over level squares they are to be led to a palatial slaughter-house, and pour out their blood on, to all appearance, a marble floor, surrounded by all the triumphs of all the architectural orders. Never did sacrificial bull meet with a more delightful end in Greece or Rome, than the Smithfield cattle are likely to enjoy, according to the proposed plan. Fountains are to throw up perennial columns of the purest waters, whereat the heated drover or the parched ox may sip and be refreshed. A new Arcadia is to spring up where the martyrs perished, and happier Damons and lovelier Chloes will tend their herds in a sweet oasis, reminded only of life by the noise of Snow-hill, and only cognisant of time by the booming of St. Paul's. Mighty genius of beadedom, glorious triumphs of digested turtle, how fairy-like and wondrous are your works! A model of this magic creation may also be seen where the spectator can admire the genius of his civic rulers, and sign petitions on their behalf under the half-compulsion of tutelary police.*

Such is the gilded pill which the people of London are desired to swallow: they will reject it, if they are wise, for it is but a pill after all; and a quack pill too, for all its gilt. This new model Smithfield Arcadia would hardly remove a single objection against the existing Smithfield Malebolge. Delightful as are the proposed slaughter-houses, the unwholesomeness of intramural slaughter will scarcely be diminished by them. Broad and beautiful as are the projected thoroughfares, the beasts must still be goaded through omnibuses, carts, cabs, and passengers, to their last commercial appearance, and a gored lady or a broken-ribbed man would as soon be gored and wounded in a narrow lane as in the finest square in all Belgravia. It is a great acknowledgment of popular indignation this projected model, and, in that light, is gratifying: but, as a final settlement of the Smithfield nuisance, it is a bold attempt upon the gullibility of the public, and

we hope and trust they will have the sense to reject it; for never was the proverb more justly applicable than in this instance,—that "all is not gold that glitters." It is not a bon-bon, but a gilded pill, and, as we said before, a quack pill into the bargain.

While Smithfield is destined to excite the disgust of our Exhibition guests, we are gratified to see that steps are being taken to ensure the comfortable accommodation of our poorer visitors, and to protect them from extortion. A society has been established in order to engage a sufficient number of lodgings at a moderate cost; so that, by application to it, operatives will be well entertained at a reasonable charge. Any persons, desirous of obtaining a little income during the Exhibition season, and not desirous of plundering their fellow-creatures, can place their rooms at the disposal of the society, and so gain an effective publicity without any cost or trouble.

In the obituaries of the public prints, the eye rests on the name of Joanna Baillie, who has died at the advanced age of eighty-eight. When a venerable notability, full of years and honours, thus disappears from among us, it were idle to pretend regret. Miss Baillie has fulfilled her mission, and has not left us before her appointed time. She, however, carries us back to days and men among whom it is always a delight to linger. We recall the friendly letters of Scott, and his warm appreciation of her powers—the wild mirth of Hogg regarding "Mistress Bylie," in the "Noctes,"—and see how this talented lady anticipated the celebrated poetic theory of Wordsworth, and even stimulated, by her De Montfort, the rebellious power of Byron. Miss Baillie's plays are not adapted to the stage; they are strictly dramatic poems. Her miscellaneous writings are full of power and poetry; but, so fleetly does the age run on, that she has long been *passé*, and has now only followed works which, having lived out what life she could give them, have gradually succumbed to the laws of existence. Stars fade and die, but the firmament is not starless! S.

Fragments.

FREEDOM.

'T is liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.—*Courper*.

ACADEMIC FLATTERY.

Clermont Tonnerre, Bishop of Noyon, a man ridiculous for his attachment to high birth, gave an annual prize to the French Academy, to be bestowed on the best poetical composition; but the only subject to be treated of was the praise of Louis XIV. After all the ordinary topics of adulation had been exhausted, the academy proposed, for the year 1700, the following text for the prize poem:—"That the king possesses all the virtues in so eminent a degree, that it is impossible to judge by which of them he is principally characterized." When this topic was shown to the king for his approbation (for this was always done previously to its being given out; and his majesty, moreover, sat to hear the piece recited), injured as he was to flattery, he felt that it was *rather too much*, and put his negative upon it. The academy then, by advice of the bishop, let it down a little in the following manner:—"That the king unites in his person so many great qualities, that it is difficult to judge which forms his principal character." Even this qualified dose of incense proved too strong for his majesty's relish. The academy and bishop, almost reduced to despair, tremblingly proposed their third edition:—"That the king is not less distinguished by the virtues of a man of worth, than by those of a great prince." This luckily did not offend the monarch's modesty, and he suffered it to pass without further alteration.

COURT ADULATION.

I would not be a king to be beloved,
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise.—*Courper*.

* See recent letter to the *Times*.